A MARRIAGE TRIVMPHE.

SOLEMNIZED IN AN EPITHALAMIVM,

In Memorie of the happie Nuptials betwixt the High and Mightie Prince Count PALATINE. And the most Excellent Princesse the Lady ELIZABETH.

Written

By THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Tu festas Hymen ades, tu Gratia flores,
Elige, tu geminas Cornua dia necte Coronas.

LONDON

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the most Excellent, and most admired Princesse the Ládie ELIZABETH.

WHom Heauen with all Choise Graces hath endow'd,
Whom both the Angels praise, and men admire:
On whom her Maker hath his bounty show'd,
Where nothing wants that mortall can desire.

Whose beauties are as farre beyond compare,
As are her inward vertues of the mind,
But in that height vnmatchably so rare
We on the Earth her equall cannot finde.

Her Parents Ioy, the Peeres selected pleasure,
The peoples admiration, Kingdomes wonder,
Of forraine climes the praise, of ours the treasure,
May this daies sacred vnion neuer sunder.

That whilst we daily of high Heauen importune,
We may be in your Royall issue blest:
You may still grow in bewtie, vertue, fortune,
So with your fame our ioyes may be increast.
Proue thou a Prophet, Muse, say t'is decreed,
All Christendome shall florish in your seed.

Your Graces most humbly deuoted,

Thomas Heywood.

An Epithilamion,

OR NVPTIALL SONG, CONSECRATED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE ROYAL AND MAGNIFICENT

Espousals betwixt the High and Mighty Prince FREDERICKE the Fift, Count *Palatine*, Duke of *Bauaria*, Prince Elector to the Empire, &c. and Knight of the most Honourable Order of the Garter; and the most Excellent, and euery-way accomplished Princesse the Lady ELIZABETH, sole daughter to the High and most Puissant IAMES, by the grace of God, King of Great *Brittaine*, *France*, and *Ireland*, &c. Defender of the Faith, *and the most Vertuous, and Admirable Lady, Queene* ANNE.

NOvv the wet Winter of our teares are past,
And see, the cheerefull Spring appeares at last,
Now we may calculate by the *Welkins* racke
Æolus hath chaste the Clouds that were so blacke:
And th'are beyond the *Hiperboreans* runne
That haue so late eclipst Great *Brittaines* Sonne.
O thou my Muse, that whilome maskt in sable,
Exclaiming on the fates and chance vnstable,

Accusing Phisicke, and her want of skill,
And Natures hard-heart, that her owne would kill:
On Death, and his fell tyranny exclaiming,
Chance, Fortune, Destiny, and all things blaming;
Inueighing against howres, daies, months, and time,
That cropt so sweet a blossome in his prime.
Against Mortality, that could not saue
So choyce a Gemme from th'all-deuouring graue;
But most against the cause, *Brittaines Transgressions*,
That so soone cal'd him to that heauenly Sessions.
Where from this earthy Mansion being translated,
He now for ay remaines a Prince instated.
No more let vs our ancient griefes pursue,
Or the swift torrent of our teares renue.
No more let vs with clamors fill the sky,
Or make th'heauens eccho to each dole-full cry.
No more disturbe his soft sleepe, since 'tis best
We wake him not from his eternall rest.
Yet who could blame my Muse, that did lament
To see so faire a branch, so rudely rent
From such a stately, and broad-bearing tree,
That might haue borne like fruit? For who to see
So rich a treasure in a moment wasted,
Such goodly fruit, nopfully ripe, yet blasted,
So rich a roab, so soone dispoild as worne,
Such generall hopes destroid as soone as borne,
But with impartiall iudgements must confesse,
No Muse, that can sing, but could shricke no lesse?
Those that loue day, must thinke it much too soone,
To see the glorious Sunne to set at noone.

And

And none but such as hate the cheerefull light,
(Murderers and Theeues) at mid-day with it night.
Is it becauſe we breake the Gods decree,
That *Tantalus* we are puniſht like to thee:
Thou that their ſecrets durſt preſume to tell,
Art with perpetuall hunger plagu'd in hell;
Yet ſundry delicates before thee ſtand,
Which thou maiſt reach, not cõpaſſe with thy hand.
So haue the Gods dealt with vs, for ſome crime,
To let vs ſee the glory of our time,
As a faire marke, at which the world might gaze,
And put the wondring Nations in a maze.
But as we ſtretch our hands to reach our ioy,
They ſnatch it hence, and all our hopes deſtroy.
But now my Muſe, ſhake off this gloomy ſorrow,
And a bright ſaffron roab from *Hymen* borrow.
Thou that before in Rauens plumes didſt ſing,
Now get thee feathers from the Swans white wing,
And take an equall flight with *Venus* Doues,
To tune ſoft layes of Nuptials, and ſweet Loues.

For now me thinkes I youthfull *Tython* ſee,
The day *Aurora*, that he married thee.
The expected howre was come, the Matrons ſhine
In gliſtring roabes; th'old men, as if Diuine,
Apparreld in rich purple; them betweene, (ſcene.
The ſprightly Youths, and beauteous Nymphes are
At length the bluſhing Bride comes with her haire
Diſheuel'd 'bout her ſhoulders; none ſo faire
In all that Beuie, though it might appeare,
The choyceſt beauties were aſſembled there.

She enters with a sweet commanding grace,
Her very presence paradic'd the place:
Her modest blush amongst the Ladies spred
And cast on all their Cheekes a shame-fast red.
How could they chuse, their looks that seeme diuine
Before she came, eclipst are at her shine?
They all are darkned when she 'gins t'appeare,
And spread her beames in her Illustrious spheare:
All eyes are fixt on her, the youthfull fry,
Amazed stand at her great Maiesty.
The Nymphs and Maids, both enuy and admire
Her matchlesse beauty, state, and rich attire.
The grauer Matrons stand amaz'd with wonder,
The Fathers, as if strooke with *Ioues* sharpe thunder.
Confounded are, as neuer hauing seene
In their long trace of yeares, so faire a Queene.
Not *Hecuba*, when *Priam* came to *Thrace*,
To court her for his Queene, could giue the place.
Such ornament: not *Spartan Hellen* knew,
To attire her person in a forme so true.
Had *Perseus* in his airy progresse spide
This picture to the marble rocke fast tide,
For her he would haue fought, and as a pray
To the Sea-monster, left *Andromeda*.
Had *Paris* seene her, he had nere crost the flood,
Hellen had beene vnrapte, *Troy* still had stood.
Had *Thetis* sonne beheld her when he saw
Polyxena, nothing should him with-draw
From dreadfull battle: he had shin'd in steele,
And not vnarm'd beene wounded in the heele.

Had

Had *Iuno*, *Venus*, or *Minerua*, when
They ſtroue for maiſtery, ſeene this Lady, then
As vanquiſht, they had left to her the Ball,
Which from his ſtarry throne great *Ioue* let fall.
But wherefore on her glories doe I dwell,
Whoſe ſtate my Muſe vnable is to tell?
To a bright Iuory Chaire the Bride they bring,
VVhilſt all the people *Io Paan* ſing.
Now ſee from forth another ſtately Arch,
Of the great palace, the braue Bride-groome march,
A louely youth, vpon whoſe face appeares
True ſignes of man-hood; yet he for his yeares
And beauty, ſuch a generall name hath wonne,
They take him all, for *Venus*, or her ſonne.
A mixed grace he in his viſage wore,
And but his habit ſhewd what ſex hee bore
The quickeſt ſighted eye might haue miſtooke,
Hauing female beauty in a manly looke.
Such luſtre in *Adonis* cheeke did moue,
VVhen he was haunted by the Queene of loue:
So look't *Hypolitus* when clad in greene,
He was oft Courted by th' *Athenian* Queene.
Such grace *Hypomanes* in publike wan,
That day he with the ſwift *Atlanta* ran.
So ſhin'd *Perithous* amongſt the reſt,
VVhen mongſt the *Centaurs Ioues* ſon grac't the feaſt.
Such ſeem'd th' *Idean* ſheepheard in the eye
Of faire *Oenone*, when ſhe ſaw him lye
Vpon a Violet banke: Such did appeare
Yong *Itis*, vnto *Galatea* deere.

Such *Ciparissus* seem'd, so sweete so faire,
For whom *Apollo* left his fiery Chaire.
A curious Roabe athwart his shoulders fell,
By some laborious hand Imbroidered well:
Cunning *Arachne* could no better weaue,
Nor *Pallas*, should the heauens she once more leaue:
The colour was of Elementall blew
Spotted with golden Starres: heere Comets flew
With blazing trains, some great appeard, some smal,
Some were so wrought that they might seeme to fal,
And shooting towards the earth as darting fire,
Euen in their hotteſt fury did expire:
Yet in their golden course the way they went,
They seemed to guild the Azure Firmament.
You might in this discoulered Roabe perceiue
The *Galaxia* a more brightnesse leaue
Then th'other parts of heauen, because so faire
Cassiopeia spreads her glistering haire.
There the quicke-fighted Eagle shines, and Swanne,
And the *Argoe* that the Fleece of *Colchos* wanne.
Sagitarius threats the *Scorpion* to haue slaine,
Who gainst him shakes his poysonous starry traine.
With six bright lamps doth the bold Cẽtaure stand,
Threatning the Twins, who hold in euery hand
Bright bals of fire, eighteene they be in number,
That if the Centaur stir, his force to cumber.
The Northen Waggoner stands next in roll,
Whõ *Perseus* with his Shield, frights bout the Pole.
The wandring *Sporades* 'mongst these appeare,
Which makes the *Galaxia* shine more cleere

Then

Then the other parts of heauen, this *Thetis* wrought
And as a preſent to the Bridegroome brought:
For who could place them in there rancks more true
Then ſhe, that euery night takes a full view
(From top of *Neptunes* Tarras) how they ſtand,
Ho' moue, riſe, ſet, or how the Seas command?
This Mantle doth the Bride-groomes body graſpe
Buckled about him with a golden claſpe.
And as when *Lucifer* lifts from the waues
His glorious head, the Stars about him braues,
Who when he moues his ſacred front on high,
Seeme in their (almoſt waſted) oile to die,
And giue him all the glory; with a Creſt
As bright as his appeares amongſt the reſt.
This louely Youth: with many a comely ſtride
Hee preaceth towards the place where ſits his Bride,
Then bowes to her, ſhe bluſheth as he bends
And honors low, his faire hand he extends
To ceaze her Iuory Palme, which as he warmes,
Shee breathes into him many thouſand charmes
Of loues, affections, zeale, cordiall deſires,
Chaſt wiſhes, pleaſures, mixt with deepe ſuſpires,
Paſſions, diſtractions, extaſies, amazes,
All theſe he feeles, when on her eies he gazes:
Till further boldned by a bluſhing ſmile,
He leaues his trance, and ſhe diſcends the while
Yet was all ſilence, till at this glad cloſe,
Through all the place, a whiſpering murmure roſe:
Some his perfection, ſome her beauty praiſe,
And both aboue the higheſt degree would raiſe

To

To exceed all compariſon, ſome ſweare
Two ſuch bright Comets, neuer grac't that Spheare,
And as they walke the Virgins ſtrow the way
With *Coſtmary*, and ſweete *Angelica.*
With *Spyknard*, *Margerom*, and *Camomile*,
Time, *Bugloſſe*, *Lauender*, and *Pimpernell*,
Strawbery leaues, *Sauory*; and *Eglantine*
With *Endiue*, *Holy-thiſtle*, *Sops in Wine*,
Smallage, *Balme*, *Germander*, *Baſell* and *Lilly*,
The *Pinke*, the *Flower-de-luce* and *Daffadilly*,
The *Gilliflowre*, *Carnation*, white and red,
With various ſpots and ſtaines enameled,
The *Purple Violet*, *Paunce*, and *Hearts-eaſe*,
And euery flower that ſmell, or ſight, can pleaſe.
The yellow *Marigold*, the Sunnes owne flower,
Pagle, and *Pinke*, that decke faire *Floraes* Bower,
The *Daſie*, *Cowſlip*, *Wal-flower*, *Columbine*;
With the broad-leaues late cropt from *Bacchus* vine,
Beſides a thouſand other fragrant poſes
Of *Wood-bine*, *Roſemary*, and ſundry *Roſes:*
Next in their way, ſome pretious garments ſtrow,
Some ſcatter-gold wrought Arras where they go:
Others before them coſtly preſents caſt,
Of *Iuory*, *Corrall*, and of *Pearle:* the laſt
Bring Gold and Iewels: one preſents a Crowne
Vnto the Bride, and giues it as her owne.
Diuers contend where this rich mettall grew,
In *Phillipine*, in *Ophir*, or *Peru:*
Or the *Malluccoes:* this a *Carcanet*
Beſtowes, with pretious ſtones of all kind ſet

Of luſter and of beauty, here was found
The hardeſt, and moſt quicke, the *Diamond*,
The *Ruby*, of a perfect light and life,
The *Saphir* and the *Emerald*, at ſtrife,
Which can expreſſe vnto the eie more true,
The one a graſſe-greene, th'other perfect blew,
Heere the diſcoloured *Opal* faire did ſhine,
And *Onix* deepe, dig'd from the Rocky Mine,
The *Topas* which, ſome ſay, abides the fire,
And *Sardonix*; what is he can deſire
A ſtone that's wanting as they walke along
The Batchelers, and Virgins with this Song
Tun'd to their aptreſt Inſtruments, thus greete
Their *Naptiall* ſoyes, with ſtrings and voyces ſweete.

The Epithilamion.

YOu faireſt of your ſexes how ſhall we
Sing you, that ſeeme on earth to be diuine,
Vnleſſe the Muſes all *Apollo* hee,
And hee the faireſt of the Muſes mine,
Not *Daphne* turn'd into a *Lawrel* tree
So bright could bee
So faire, ſo free
Not *Ariadne* crown'd ſo cleere can ſhine

Can *Venus* yoaked Swannes so white appeare?
Or halfe so louely when you two embrace?
Are not his parts admired euery where,
His sweete proportion, feature, shape, and face?
Or like her *Ixis* in her arched Spheare,
Or *Hebe* cleere
To *Iuno* neere?
To match this Lady in her comely grace.

VVhy should we these, to *Venus Doues* compare,
Since in blanch whitenes, they their plumes exceed,
Or to the *Alpine* Mountaines, when they are
Cloth'd in Snow, since monstrous beasts they breed
VVhy should we to white marble pillers dare
Set two so faire
In all things rare,
Since saue disgrace comparisons nought breed.

Vnto your selues, your selues, then we must say,
VVe onely may compare: Heauen, Sea, nor Earth
Can parralell the vertues curry way
Your names, your stiles, your honors, and your birth
On to the Temple then, why do we stay?
Vse no delay,
Loose no more day,
By this blest vnion adde vnto our mirth

Charis that strewes faire *Venus* Couch with flowers
Ioyne with the other graces to attend you,
The Muses and their Influence to your dowres,
Angels and Cherubs from all ills defend you,
The Gods into your laps raigne plenteous showres,
All heauenly powers
Adde to your howers, (you.
Heauens graces, & earths guifts that may commend

Minerua, that of Chastity hath care,
And *Iuno* that of marriage takes regard,
The happy fortunes of these two prepare,
And let from them no comforts be debard,
Blesse them with Issue, and a Royall Heyre,
Lucina faire,
Let one so rare
In all her future throes be gently hard.

Proue thou faire fortune in thy bounties free
Be all the happiest Seasons hence-forth showne
Temperate and calme, and full of mirthfull glee,
All ioyes and comforts challenge as your owne,
VVhat grace and good wee can but wish to bee,
May You and Shee
As heauens agree,
Inioy in your most happy prosperous Crowne,

So shall the Swaynes and Nymphs choice presents
VVith yeerely offering to this sacred shrine bring,
So shall our Annuall festiues praise the Spring,
In which, two plants of such great hope combine,
For euer this bright day eternizing,
Timbrels shall ring
VVhilst we still sing
O *Hymen*, *Hymen*, be thou still diuine.

But whether am I carried, if such State
Yong *Tython* and *Aurora* celebrate:
VVhat shall be then at this vniting done?
Since in his noone-tide progresse, the bright Sunne
Hath neuer seene their Equals: what blest muse
Shall I inuoke, or whose assistance vse?
VVhat accent, in what number, or what straine?
Shall I the weakenesse of my skill complaine?
Oh were I by the cleere *Pegasian* Fount,
VVhich *Perseus* Steed made, when he gan to Mount,
VVhere his heele stroke, first grew the sacred VVell,
By which *Ioues* daughters, the nine sisters dwell:
Or were I laid in *Aganippes* Spring,
VVhere *Pallas* oft discends to heare them sing:
Or might I come to wash my Temples cleane,
In the pure drops of learned *Hypotrene*:
I might haue then some hope to be inspired,
And mount the height I haue so long desired:
Yet howsoe'r, I will presume to sing
And soare according to my strength and wing,
Then now, ô *Hymen* don thy brightest weed

That all things may ſucceſſiuely ſucceed
At theſe high Nuptials, ſpread thy golden haire,
And let no ſpot vpon thy Robes appeare,
No wrinckle in thy front, which may preſage
The leaſt ſad chance, as at the marriage
Of *Orpheus* and *Eyridice*, when thou
Wor'ſt ſtormes and tempeſts in thy angry brow.
Or when the father of the two *Atrides*,
Or their bold ſonnes, contracted firſt their Brides.
Or when *Minerua's* Champion *Diomed*,
That wounded *Venus* in the hand, was ſped;
For which the Goddeſſe curſt him, and then ſware
To leaue his bed adulterate without heire.
Or when King *Ceix* with *Alcione* met,
When at the Nupriall table thou waſt ſet,
Thou wouldſt not lend the feaſt one gentle ſmile,
But diſcontentedly ſat'ſt all the while.
Nor as when firſt the *Troian* ſheepheard tooke
Oenone, and ſoone after her forſooke.
O put not on that habit thou then wore,
When firſt faire *Phedra* to Duke *Theſeus* ſwore!
But bring with thee that bright and cheerefull face,
As when *Alceſt*, *Admetus* did imbrace.
Chaſte *Alceſt*, who to keepe him from the graue,
Offred her life, her husbands life to ſaue.
Not *Portia*, whom the *Romans* ſo admire,
Who for the loue of *Brutus* ſwallowed fire.
Not *Romes* great'ſt honor, and *Collatiums* pride
For chaſtity, that by her owne hand dy'd
Can equall this *Alceſt*: but muſt giue place,

In all perfection, beauty, fame, and face,
Appeare in those faire colours without staine,
As when *Vlysses* did the chaste loue gaine
Of his *Penelope*, who twice ten yeares
Expects the absence of her Lord in teares;
Whō neither threats, intreats, nor crowns can moue
To attend the motiues to vntemperate loue.
In him all vertues so vnited are,
Neither loues blandishments, nor stormes of warre,
No *Circe*, *Syrtes*, or *Charibdis* deepe,
Can from the bosome of his chaste wife keepe.
Oh decke thee in thy best and hollowedst robe
That ere was seene vpon this earthly globe!
More proudly dight, then when the Gods did striue
To grace thy pompe, when *Ioue* did *Iuno* wiue,
Whē the great thunderer gaue thee a bright crowne
And *Pallas* with her needle wrought thy gowne:
When *Neptune* through his billowy concaue fought
And for thee a rich *Smaragd* found and bought,
VVhen *Phœbus* on thy fore-head fixt his rayes,
And taught thee frō his harpe, sweet Nuptiall layes.
VVhen *Venus* to their bounties added pleasure,
And *Pluto* from God *Mammon*, gaue thee treasure.
VVhen *Mercury* gaue fluence to thy tongue,
To haue th'*Epithilamion* sweetly sung:
VVhen *Iuno* to thy presence added state,
And *Cinthia*, though that night she sate vp late,
To watch *Endimion*, by her beams so bright,
In th'Oceans bottome spide a stone giue light,
A glorious shining Carbuncle, and that

She gaue thee, and thou pindst it in thy hat:
VVhen the God *Mars* gaue thee, not least of all,
The richest armour in his *Arcenall*:
VVhen *Hebe* fild thee *Nectar* for thy tast,
VVhich from the Christal Conduits run so fast.
Nor did lame *Vulcan* come behinde in cost,
An anticke robe with gold richly imbost (wedge;
VVith Gold-smiths worke, and hammer'd from the
VVith curious art, deep fring'd about the edge
He did present thee, (pompous to behold)
Berontes and *Pyragmon* wtought in gold,
And left their plates of steele, to shew no dearth
Of loue to thee: thou from our mother earth
Hadst a gift too, of all the fruits that grow
She fild her *Cornucopia*, and did bestow
By fertill *Ceres* hand, to please thy taste
A plenteous largesse; as in heauen thou wast
At those great bridals, with like pompe and state,
The Rites of those high Nuptials consecrate.
Whom all our populous vnited Nation
Attended long, with ioyfull expectation,
Whom th'empire of great *Brittaine* wisht to see,
And th'Emperour to receiue with Maiesty.
Whom the Peeres ardently craue to behold,
And the glad Nobles in their armes t'infold,
Whom all the Nations in his way admir'd,
Whose presence the rich Court so long desir'd,
Whom *London* with applause wisht to embrace,
(The Chamber of the King, and best lou'd place)
Whom at his landing from the troublous maine,

The people ſtand on ſhore to entertaine,
And with glad ſhouts, and lowd applauſes bring,
Euen to the preſence of the potent King.
Behold that Prince, the Empires prime Elector,
Of the religious Proteſtants protector,
The high and mighty *Palſgraue* of the *Rhyne*,
Duke of *Bauaria*, and *Count Palatyne*,
VVith Titles equall, laterally ally'd
To *Mars* his brood, the Soldiers chiefeſt pride,
That from the triple-headed *Gerion* haue
Kept from a timeleſſe and abortiue graue
Faire *Belgia*, and her ſeuenteene daughters, all,
Doom'd to a ſad and mournfull funerall;
Yet each of theſe in former times haue beene
A beauteous Lady, and a flouriſhing Queene.
Now when their widowed eies are drownd in teares,
And by th'*Heſperian* Gyant fraught with feares,
They are freed from ſlaughter, and reſtor'd againe
To their firſt height by his triumphant traine,
A youth ſo louely, that euen beaſts of Chace,
Staid by the way, to gaze him in the face.
The wildeſt birds, his beauty to eſpye
Sit round about him, and before him flye,
And with their chirping tunes beare him along,
As if to greet him with a Nuptiall ſong.
But when they ſaw he was imbark't, returne
As loth to leaue him, and together mourne,
Chanting vnto themſelues vnpleaſant notes,
And full of diſcords from their pretty throtes.
Now lancht into the deepe, ſee by the way,

Aboue

About his ſhip th'vnweldy Porpoiſe play:
The *Dolphin* hath quite left the Southerne Seas,
And with a thouſand colours ſeekes to pleaſe
The Princes eye, changing as oft his hue,
As he doth wiſh him ioyes; Behold in view,
Where ſhoots the little Enuious Remora,
Thinking his ſwift ſhip vnder ſaile to ſtay.
O ſtop her proſperous courſe. But when ſhe ſaw
A face ſo full of beautie, mixt with awe,
Vpon the hatches, ſham'd what ſhe had done,
Her head ſhee doth below the Channels runne,
No boyſterous Whale about the waues appeares
The Seas to trouble, whileſt the Pilot ſteeres,
The huge Leuiathan dwels in the deepes,
And wrapt in waters, with his ſemall ſleepes,
As loath to moue a tempeſt. Thus at laſt
He in a proſperous calme the Seas hath paſt,
Neptune meane time, in *Amphitrite* bowre,
Inuited to a banquet, for her dowre
By churliſh old *Oceanus* deride
That paid her not, ſince ſhe was firſt his bride:
Shee knowing *Neptune* powerfull as he's wiſe,
Intreats him this olde Iarre to compriſe.
This difference held ſo long the God of Seas,
Who being made Vmpire, ſought both parts to pleaſe.
That whileſt he in ſhire *Thetis* Palace laid,
The Prince was paſt, without his marine aid,
This when he knew, that one ſo yong, ſo faire,
Of whom the other Gods had tooke ſuch care
In his ſafe warfage, and that he alone
Of all his choice gems, had afforded none,

Of which his wealthie channels as full ſtor'd,
Grieuing ſo puiſſant and ſo great a Lord
Should paſſe his waterie Kingdomes, and not taſt
Part of his bountie, vp he ſtarts in haſt,
Mounts on his Sea-horſe, and his Trydent takes,
Which all enrag'd, about his Creſt he ſhakes.
And calling *Triton* from his concaue ſhell
Bids him through all the deeps his furie tell;
That ſince no Marchant to the Indies traded
Whoſe wealthie ſhips, with drugs and ſpices laded,
Had made the verie Oceans backe to bend;
Since he had ſuffered them from end to end
To voyage his large Empire, as ſecure
As in the ſafeſt ooze, where they aſſure
Themſelues at reſt; ſince they for all the gold
Pangeans fraughts them: with great ſummes vntold,
Pearles, Stones, Silks, Sweet-perfumes & Amber-greece,
With profits richer farre then *Iaſons* fleece;
Since neither Marchant, nor yet Man of warre,
Poore Fiſherman, or ſuch as reckoned are
Sonnes of the Sea, or Baſtards, Pyrats fell,
For all the wealth in which the Seas excell,
And they haue thriued ſo richly, would make knowne
This newes to him, they now ſhall taſt his frowne.
Streight the foure brothers from their brazen caues
Æolus vnlocks, who ſhake aboue the waues
Their flaggie plumes, and as they riſe or fall
They hatch huge tempeſts: ſtill doeth *Neptune* call
To make a turbulent Sea. *Triton* ſhrils lowd
T'Inuoke the helpe of euery ſtormie clowd

They

They all conſpire in horrour, at new warre;
Meane time the foure ſeditious brothers jarre.
The South wind brings with him his ſpightful ſhowers,
And gainſt the cold and ſtormie *Boreas* powers
His ſpitting waters, in whoſe foule diſgrace
His guſts returne them backe in *Auſters* face,
Bleake *Aquilo* ſtill with the Weſt-wind croſſe,
Mountaines of waues againſt his foe doth toſſe;
And he as much at him: in this fierce brall
Poore ſhips are ſhaken, ſome are fore't to fall
So low, that they blacke *Orcus* may eſpie,
And ſuddenly are bandied vp ſo high,
As if the Barke with tackles, maſts, and ſhrouds,
Ioue would like th' Argoe, ſnatch aboue the clouds.
No maruell, we ſo many wracks to heare,
Since *Neptune* hath of late beene ſo auſteare;
So many ſhips being foundred, ſplit and loſt,
So many wrackt-men, caſt on euery Coaſt;
So many, that my paſſionate teares inforces,
Since all the Seas ſeem'd to be ſhor'd with coarſes.
Long *Neptunes* furie laſted, made great ſpoile,
And wrackes at Sea, for ſtill the billowes boile
With wrath and vengeance, till the Queene of loue
Borne of the frothie waues, this ſuit gan moue,
That ſince the high ſolemnitie drew neere
Of this faire Couple, to the Gods ſo deere,
As Heauen and Earth did in their ioyes agree,
So at the laſt would his calm'd waues and he.
Theſe words of hers great *Neptune* did appeaſe;
So with his Trident ſtraight he calm'd the Seas.

Now's the glad day, how can it other be
But a preſage of all proſperitie!
The early howres that from her Roſeat bed
Aurora call, the night haue baniſhed:
And enuying ſhee ſo long hath ſoiourn'd here,
They chaſe the Hag from off this Hemiſphere.
Who when ſhe but eſpies the peepe of day;
Wrapt in her miſtie darkneſſe, ſpeeds away
To the *Cymerians*, were ſhe meanes to dwell
And hide her horrid darkſome front in Hell:
But ere her blacke and cloudie face ſhe ſteeps,
The ſtarres from off Heauens azured floare ſhe ſweeps,
And will not let them ſee the glorious Bride,
Whoſe preſence was her hated lookes deride.
This day, *Apollo* in his orbe of fire
Ryſeth before his hower, her face t'admire;
And in meere joy that he may gaze his fill,
He capers as he mounts th'Olympique hill:
The morning bluſheth guiltie of the wrong
That ſhe hath kept his ſteedes vntrac't ſo long,
And ſuch deepe ſorrowes in her eyes appeares
That all the World ſhe waters with her teares.
But when this vniuerſall joy ſhe cals
To her remembrance, teares no more ſhe fals,
But for the gliſtering Rayes of *Phœbus* ſeekes (cheekes,
With whoſe bright beames ſhee dries her blubbred
The monſtrous Signes by which the Sunne muſt paſſe,
Guild with his glittering ſtreakes their ſcalles of braſſe.
Phœbus as oft, as he hath paſt the line
Hath neuer ſeene them in ſuch glory ſhine:

And all to grace theſe Nuptials. *Ioues* high Court
Is'gainſt this day new ſtarr'd (as ſome report)
With ſtones and gems, and all the Gods attired
In there beſt pompe to make this day admired.
The Seaſons haue prefer'd the youthfull Spring
To be at this high ſtates ſolemnizing:
Who leſt he ſhould be wanting at that day
Brings Februarie in, attyred like May,
And hath for haſt to ſhew his glorious prime
Stept or'e two moneths, and come before his time:
And that's the cauſe, no ſtrange prepoſterous thing,
That we this yeare haue ſuch a forward Spring.
The Summer now is buſied with her ſeed
Which quickning in the Earth begins to breed;
And being ſickiſh cannot well be ſpar'd.
Autumne in beggers rags attired, not dar'd
Intrude into ſo braue a pompous traine.
Old Winter clad in high furres, ſhowers of raine
Appearing in his eyes, who ſtill doth goe
In a rug gowne aſhied with flakes of ſnow,
Shiuering with cold, at whoſe long dangling beard
Hangs Iſickles, with hoarie froſts made hard,
Dares not approach, nor in that Center mone,
Where liues ſo ſweet a Summer of warme loue.
Therefore by *Ianus* double face he's paſt
Retyring by December, ſpeeding faſt
Backward, with more then common aged ſpeed,
Moſt willing that the freſh Spring ſhould ſucceed
With chearefull lookes, and his greene dangling haire,
Winters moſt waſtefull Ruines to repaire.

But oh leane Lent, why ſhould thy pale lancke cheekes
Threaten a ſuddaine dearth for ſeuen ſpare weekes
After this ſurpluſage; but that the God,
That ſwayes the *Ocean* with his three-tin'd rod,
Would feaſt theſe *Nuptials* with his various cheere,
And nothing thinke, that the Sea holds, too deere?
Becauſe that as the Heauens gaue free aſſent,
With th'Earth to fill theſe Bridals with content,
Euen ſo the Seas their bounties would afford
With ſeaſonable Cates to Crowne their bord.
Bacchus hath cut his moſt delicious Vine,
And ſent it through his ſwifteſt Riuer Rhine,
Leaſt to theſe Bridals it might come too late,
Which Brittaine with ſuch joy doth celebrate.
What Plannet, Starre, Fate, Influence, or Spheere,
But in their operatiue powers hold deere
Theſe faire Eſpouſals? Is there vertue, grace,
Or any goodneſſe, but doth claime chiefe place
In theſe great triumphs? Can the Heauens afford
Bleſſings that doe not Crowne this bridall bord?
Can man deuiſe, or of the Gods importune
A choice ſelected good, or ſpeciall fortune,
Which heer's not frequent? 'mongſt the Saints diuine,
Be euer henceforth crown'd Saint *Valentine*.
Of all thy hallowings, let not this be leaſt,
That thy Saints day is honour'd with this feaſt.
Thou haſt the fauour to lead in the Spring,
And to thy feaſtiue Eue, the birds firſt ſing,
With joy that Winter doth the Earth forſake:
Vpon this day, they each one chuſe his make.

Couple

Couple in paires, and firſt begin t'inquire
Where they may pearch, to quench the raging fire
Of their hot loues, where they may ſafely build
And from the bitter ſtormes their yong ones ſhield,
Vntill there naked bodies be ful plum'd,
And that with their fledgd wings they haue aſſumed
Courage and ſtrength, that when the ſeaſon's faire
They with their careful Dams may proue the Ayre.
Learne euerie of you a new Nuptiall Lay
To Solemnize the triumphs of this day:
Your mourneful ſtraines to ſadder fates aſſigne.
Now with glad notes ſalute Saint *Valentine*.
For in this ſacred, and melodious quire,
The Angels will beare part, tis their deſire
To haue this combination ſhrild ſo hie
That Heauen may Eccho with the melodie.
And now me thinks, I from a Cherubs tongue
Heare this applauſiue Hymne moſt ſweetly ſung.

A Nuptiall Hymne.

NOw's the glad and cheerefull day,
Phœbus doth his beames diſplay,
And the faire Bride forth to lead
Makes his torch their Nuptial Tead,
O thou *Apollo* bright
Lend vs thy cherefull light,
That thy glorious Orb of fire
We more freely may admire.

But

But when seated in thy pride
Thou beholdst the lovely Bride,
Envie not when thou dost find
Thy one eye by her two stroke blind:
Thou art eclipst this day
By a new *Cynthia*,
Who though on earth shee keepe her Sphere
Yet shines as faire, as bright, as cleere.

If in clouds thou maske thy face
Blushing at thy owne disgrace:
Or cast aside thy glistering Rayes
When she once her eyes displayes,
We shall neglect thee quite,
Thy powre, thy heat, thy light.
Nor shall we misse thee being gone
Hauing two Sunnes for thy one.

T'seemes when I this couple see,
Thy Sister I behold and thee,
When you both were nurst longwhile
By *Latan* in *Delos* Isle.
But the faire Sunne and Moone
Were there deliuered soone,
Iust as I see these two grac't
On Earth: So you in Heauen were plac't.

Equally shine in the Spheares,
In like beautie, and like yeares:
No sinister fate betide

The

The faire Bridgroome, and the Bride
O, neuer may blacke cloud
Two ſuch bright luſters ſhroud
From the Worlds Eye, but ſtill ſhine
Till fate make you both diuine.

He a Prince is, grauely yong,
Catoes head, and *Tullies* tongue,
Nereus ſhape, *Vliſſes* braine;
Had he with theſe *Neſtors* raine.
Inioying all the reſt
Of heauen (that we requeſt)
That they likewiſe would afford,
To manage theſe a *Hectors* ſword.

Had great *Ioue* beheld this Queene,
When *Europa* firſt was ſeene,
O're the Seas he had not brought her,
Nor *Ægenor* left his daughter.
Europe that ſpatious ground
Through the World ſo renown'd
Had loſt her ſtile, and ere her death
It had beene cal'd *Elizabeth*.

Had ſhe then liu'd, *Danae* ſhould
Haue di'd an Ancreſſe; ſhowers of gold
Had not rain'd downe her to Intrap,
All had beene powred in your lap.
Io had neuer beene
The great Ægyptian Queene,

But for a Godeſſe after death
They had ador'd *Elizabeth.*

Could a fairer Saint be ſhrin'd
Worthier to bee deuin'd?
You equall her, in vertues fame,
From whom you receiu'd your name:
Englands once ſhining ſtar
Whoſe bright beames ſpread ſo far,
Who but did lament the death
Of that good Queene *Elizabeth?*

To none I better may compare
Your ſweet ſelfe then one ſo rare:
Like grac't you are from aboue,
You ſucceed her in her loue.
As you enjoy her name:
Likewiſe poſſeſſe her fame.
For that alone liues after death;
So ſhall the name *Elizabeth.*

Whil'ſt the Flower de Luyce we ſee
With our Lions quartered be,
The white Lion keepe his place.
Dauids Harpe retaine his grace;
Whil'ſt theſe vnited are,
Deſpight all forraine warre,
Foure great Kingdomes after death
Shall memoriſe *Elizabeth.*

May that name be raised hie,
Nor in the female issue die:
A joyfull and glad mother proue,
Protected by the Powers above;
That from the Royall line
Which this day doth combine
With a braue Prince; no fate, no death,
Extinguish may *Elizabeth.*

May the Branches spread so far,
Famous both in peace and war,
That the Roman Eagle may
Be Instated some blest day,
Despight of Romes proud brags,
Within our English flags,
To reuiue you after death,
That we may praise *Elizabeth.*

That when your hie Crest is borne
By the faire white Vnicorne,
The Wild-man, the Greyhound, and
Fierce Dragon, that supporters stand,
With Lions red and white,
Which with the Harpe vnite:
Then the Faulcon joyn'd with these
May the Roman Eagle seize.

All the Nymphs straw sundry poses
Made of Red, and of white Roses:
On her Bed wait all the Graces:

Maides